

RAMBLES

THE

RAMBLES

OF

MR. FRANKLY.

VOL. II.

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THE
RAMBLES
OF
MR. FRANKLY.

PUBLISHED BY HIS SISTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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WALKER, MONROVIA, 1893

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THE
RAMBLES
OF
MR. FRANKLY.

RAMBLE II.
THE RESOLUTION.

MY first ramble had taught me to be content;—it was more wisdom than I had ever acquired by study—Man is naturally desirous of improving his understanding—and 'tis the most laudable ambition of the mind.—“My first ramble has taught me to be content,” said I;
“therefore

“therefore I will take a second—I
 “gain something likewise by that.”
 “you may lose,” whispered Reflection
 “what you gained by the former.”—The
 thought was an affront to my understand-
 ing—we are not always able to set bounds
 to the airy flights of imagination—my re-
 solution continued.—“I can, now,” said
 “by the peace which I feel seated in my
 “own bosom, experience the highest de-
 “light in rambling o’er a small part of the
 “flowery world which the God of Nature
 “has given to his creatures.—My bosom
 “is serene and placid—every scene will
 “give me pleasure—or an opportunity of
 “employing the knowledge I have ac-
 “quired to the advantage of others.
 “I have been in the pursuit of the happy
 “and will now go in pursuit of the miser-
 “able; which I shall have but little diffi-
 “culty to find—unless the world be much
 “altered within a few weeks—Chance
 “shall guide my steps—and I will not be
 “limited to time or place—I will endeavor

“you

your to make every one who will listen
 to my arguments as happy as I am."—
 The scheme was formed by Benevolence
 Julia and Virtue approved it.—Putting
 few pounds in my pocket, I set off on a
 Monday morning, bidding Julia not think
 of my return till she saw me.—I left my
 dear, and my little ones to her care, and
 parted with ease and satisfaction.—If
 I had dropt a tear, I would not have
 done;—but she knew it was my province
 to glean up and disperse knowledge—and
 to experience happiness from the same
 source as that which gave it to me.—

THE

THE SOLILOQUY.

"SOME," said I, reflecting as I walk
 "would have called me a fool
 "going in pursuit of happiness—but
 "the world would call me a madman
 "going in the pursuit of misery and pleasure
 "at the same time—Yet why should
 "children of inconsistency so unmercifully
 "belabour me with epithets I don't
 "serve?—I pursued happiness—and
 "though I am convinced she is not to
 "perfectly enjoyed on this side the grave
 "and mysterious gulph of eternity;
 "Content, the sister of Happiness, has
 "kindly shewn me that I possess a greater
 "portion of her favours than thousands
 "the sons and daughters of Adam.—I
 "in search of pleasure, and shall obtain
 "the prize—not from guilt and folly
 "but from seeing the many beautiful pictures

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Vol.

sents the Author of my existence has made to the large family from which I sprang—every lovely prospect and variegated scene will open and expand my mind.—We may learn virtue—humility—and benevolence—from the great and beautiful order of things in this garden of life.—I go in search of the miserable, that I may alleviate their distress—by endeavouring to persuade them that thorns as well as roses spring up on every soil.”

ST. PAUL'S.

SO fixt were my contemplations on the wisdom and folly which led me to ramble, that I saw not the spacious, noble and almost everlasting building, till I was opposite one of its doors—which, like the door of heaven, stood open to all those who chose to enter in.—The sound of music ever charms my ear. I stepped in—who could wantonly refuse the invitation?—Notwithstanding I had been there fifty times before, content had spread such a placidness round my soul, that I viewed it with an eye of wonder and delight—I blest the architect of the noble structure—which promised to stand unmoved through the revolving period of many ages.—“The man,” said I, “had a proper respect for that Being to whom this edifice was to be dedicated—and would gladly have

“mad

"made it reach the skies.—I will," said I;
 "when prayers are ended, convey myself
 "to the same height he carried the top of
 "St. Paul's."—Prayers were soon ended—
 but my heart was the lighter for the
 blessing it received—With some difficulty,
 and through many a winding narrow pas-
 sage, I reached the top of the tower.—"If
 "a man could go to heaven in this man-
 "ner," said I, "it would be a mighty
 "easy way of ascending—because the
 "path, tho' narrow, is not difficult to find;
 "—and when he has run himself out of
 "breath, he may stop till he has regained
 "it"—"And a man might climb much
 "easier to heaven than I did to the top of
 "St. Paul's," said I again—"and find
 "many more agreeable resting places than
 "I have done in my passage up hither.—I
 "have had no social companion, whose
 "conversation would prevent me from
 "counting the tedious steps as I climbed;
 "—and instead of roses and violets being
 "strewn in my way—I have had only
 "dark-

“darkness—weeds—the worm and the spi-
 der to attend me.”—I reached the top—
 the gloom was dispersed—and if I had
 wanted to go higher, I seemed as if I could
 have grasped a cloud to assist me in my
 flight;—but Julia and her children kept me
 from aspiring any higher—and so long as I
 could one day secure me a place in heaven,
 I should have been unwilling to leave them
 so suddenly without a guide upon earth.—I
 looked down—how little seemed the great,
 the bustling world beneath me!—and the
 people who were moving with so much self-
 importance, appeared to my eyes no big-
 ger than Gulliver’s Lilliputians—whilst I
 was near conceiving myself as big as one
 of his Brobdignags—so apt are people to
 suppose themselves *great*—because they hap-
 pen to be placed in an *exalted* situation.—
 What a scene of irregularity and confusion
 appeared the enchanting, populous city!—
 houses seemed crowding on houses—and
 street on street—yet the prospect charmed
 me—and I wished to be placed on so high
 a moun-

a mountain, that I could see all the wonders of the earth at once.—Ambition was slyly entering through my eyes into my mind—a man can never be too much upon his guard—it was under the borrowed name of Curiosity it entered :—for the inhabitants of the mind, like those of the world, often like to frisk in masquerade.—I began to think how wonderfully I should write—look—and talk—and how the gaping multitude would croud to get a peep at the man *who had seen the whole world at once*.—It was time for me to descend—and at my first beginning to leave the eminence to which I had raised myself, I could not keep my pride from being wounded at the thought, that, possibly, I should, in this my second important ramble, become a Lilliputian in the eyes of some one, whose curiosity might lead him to the top of St. Paul's before the evening.—When I got into the street, I became more satisfied;—for tho' I found some people bigger than myself, I found others that were less:—but my heart told

me I had acted wrong—pride was not made for man—but I had made the house of humility and prayer the temple of pride—and why?—because a part of it shews to my enquiring eyes a small view of the wonderful works of Him to whom the building was dedicated—I love to acknowledge my faults—when I am convinced of them—and had not the doors been shut, I would have returned, and in some private corner knelt for forgiveness—and begged that pride might never more enter those doors into which I had carried it:—and that all who went in there might have those supplications granted which were fervently and seriously offered to Him who knows the secrets of every heart.—The wish did not pass through my lips:—but as it was a charitable one, *Benevolence* carried it to Heaven—and there it stands registered opposite the account which *Justice* had carried—when *Pride* held the dominion.

THE

T H E D O G.

“COME hither,” said I,—and I rewarded his watchful attendance by coaxing and patting his head—till that moment I had not observed his following me. “—Thou art a faithful creature, Tray, and art welcome to attend thy master;—for often hast thou been my companion in fatigue, light and darkness—many a storm hast thou braved on my account—and thou wouldst not scruple to defend me against an armed highway-man, were he to attack me.”—Money would hardly purchase such fidelity.—“Tray, thou art a disinterested friend,” said I;—he lifted up his head—shook his tail—and looked as if he would have said—“Thou art a kind master.”—But though speech was denied him—gratitude was placed in his heart.—Gratitude must ever

do honor to the heart it inhabits;—though it is the heart of a dog.—Why will mankind suffer themselves to be put to shame by animals?—If I were incapable of gratitude, I should be infinitely inferior to honest Tray.—Gratitude is so amiable an inhabitant of the mind—that it will teach a man to be a good master to every faithful servant in his family.—

THE

THE STAGE COACH.

A Stage-Coach just stopt at the Bear, in * * *, as I past it.—“I will dine here,” said I—“for if variety of dishes are not placed upon the table—variety of characters will be placed around it.”—I went into the room, and sat down with the company.——

THE DINNER.

“**I** WISH your health, Sir,” said a stranger.—I thanked him—it was one of the best of wishes.—I looked around me—it was a motley scene.—A jack tar—a fine lady—a female author—a mountebank doctor—and the sentimental Rambler, with his dog Tray.—The fine lady found fault with every thing, as fine ladies usually do—and called upon her stars for patience—impatiently threatening to chastise her servants for not being ready to attend her as soon as she arrived—the sailor cursed her maggots, and praised the dinner—the mountebank endeavoured to compliment himself into the lady’s good graces,—by being, in every thing, of her opinion—the female writer sat and eat her meal with

silent

silent humility—yet sighing—the sigh stopt
at my ear—calling for pity.—I eat but
sparingly—and as I had dined before the
rest of the company—found time for the
following sentimental.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS.

“**W**HAT different dispositions—and
 “odd mixture of characters,” said I,
 “are often inclosed in that vehicle, a stage-
 “coach—and in the rooms in which they
 “stop to take refreshment!—Many a sweet-
 “heart has been gained and lost—a divert-
 “ing story and dismal love-tale told—many
 “a happy meeting—and unexpected disas-
 “ter have been met with beneath its nar-
 “row roof—and could these walls speak,”
 said I, “what strange secrets might they
 “disclose!—what diverting scenes might
 “they unfold!—A man might amuse him-
 “self exceedingly by listening to so divert-
 “ing a history.”

THE

THE SURPRIZE.

WHEN I looked up—astonishment took place of reflection—and I was heartily displeased with the absence and inattention my thoughts had led me into—the fine lady—the sailor, and mountebank had all taken a French leave—and because they thought politeness unnecessary at an inn, forgot good manners—The smart female, who I had found by the jeers of her companions to be an author, sat opposite to me—in as profound a reverie as I had just come out of.—“She is unhappy,” said I,—and I will speak to her.—Julia would not be jealous of me were I to converse in private with all her sex.”——

THE

THE TETE A TETE.

“**Y**OUNG lady,” said I, “you appear
 “unhappy.”—“And my appearance
 “does not deceive you, Sir,” said she,
 “for I am marked by fortune as an object
 “of her hate.”—“She is blind,” said
 “or she would not treat you so rigidly—
 “’tis hard, fortune and the world will be
 “such enemies to merit—you know not
 “that I have any pretensions to the latter
 “though no favorite with the former—
 “humility is an undoubted proof of merit.”—
 “But sense is of but little worth,”
 said she, “unless accompanied by wealth—
 “generous minds are ever open and above
 “distrust.”—She told me the following
 story.—

THE NARRATIVE

BEING unluckily born with a competent share of sense, and an uncommon desire of improving it, I spent that period of my life in study, which the generality of both sexes usually spend in idleness and folly.—The desire of knowledge encreased with my years—the men called me a monster, the women a fool—My father died—he left me without a fortune—I was thrown upon an unpitying world—surrounded with enemies, and exposed to insults.—A young man, who had long in secret loved me, and to whom I had given my heart, now stepped forth and offered me his hand—I accepted the offer, and we were married.—But misfortune cruelly pursued us, and in every means we undertook to procure a livelihood we were unsuccessful

“ful

“ful—His misfortunes, though beyond
 “the reach of humanity to foresee, were
 “all imputed to his having a bookish wife
 “—yet it was not in the power of ill luck to
 “divide our hearts.—I published under
 “fictitious name, and the world approved
 “the work—I heard the applauses bestowed
 “on my performance with pleasure—it was
 “all the reward I received—and it would
 “not keep my worthy husband from
 “gaol—to which place an unfeeling crea-
 “ditor sent him a few days since.—I am
 “come to this city to sell a manuscript
 “in my possession—and hope to dispose
 “of it for a sum sufficient to release my
 “husband from confinement;—and we will
 “then transport ourselves to some other
 “climate, in hopes of finding it more hospi-
 “table.”—“Heaven speed thy labours,”
 said I, “and crown them with success.”
 “May Providence give thee a little; for
 “know thou wouldst be content therewith
 “—my heart claims a friendship with thine
 “—and I have a wife who would be glad
 “to

to share a part—and in her name I entreat you to accept this mite”—She put back my hand—“May you ever know the pleasure it is to give,” said she, rising, and never bestow your benevolence on unworthy objects—I have five guineas in my pocket, and my manuscript is still unfold—you may meet many objects poorer than I am.”—To think of the superior distress of others when in distress ourselves, is a sure proof of a noble soul.—I doubted not but the sentiments of my manuscript contained were such as I had heard her avow. I was unwilling to damp her hopes of success—but disappointments may be softened by the hand of friendship.—“That thou hast merit,” said she, “I am convinced—but hast thou a friend amongst the critics?”—“I trust to my work alone—’tis that must speak for me.”—I know what you would say;—but I am armed for disappointment.”—She curtseyed, and left me—my eyes followed her, but they could pursue her no longer.—

“’Tis

" 'Tis well thou art armed for disappoint-
 " ments," said I, "my sweet female Philo-
 " sopher—for hadst thou the wisdom of
 " Homer—the sublimity of a Milton—the
 " flowing eloquence of a Pope—the son-
 " ning genius of a Shakespeare—and the
 " sober, sentimental gravity of thy ne-
 " friend—ED. FRANKLY;—If thou hadst
 " not friends amongst the great—thou
 " mayest, after living as poor and unno-
 " ticed as the latter—die as poor as the
 " incomparable Antient did.—What then
 " will avail the monuments, the jubilee
 " and the strewing your grave with all the
 " gaudy flowers of fame?—Such antiques
 " may do honor to the generation who
 " love to do merit honor even in death—
 " but it must ever be a reproach on those
 " beings, who could let such stars glim-
 " past them unnoticed. A man might
 " exult in the thought of having his grave
 " pointed at with respect—provided he
 " could live without being wounded by
 " the malice of envy, the sting of contem-
 " —and

—and the iron hand of want—The merits I possess are but few—and but few there are can find I have any at all—yet they who never saw me, may find them when I am no more—but I desire no one to visit and respect me when I am dead, who would not distinguish me from the common herd of mankind when alive.—My ambition—of which I have but a small portion—will end with my life—in respect to this world I mean—what my ambition will be respecting eternity—I shall tell no man:—therefore I would have a *thorn* grow at the head of my grave—to prevent such idle, unmeaning visitors from treading down the turf—but it should bend its head, and become a *myrtle* at receiving the tribute of a silent tear from a real friend—tho' that tear were all he had to offer.—The distress of another had ruffled the serenity of my temper—I felt the anguish I could not lessen—and gave way to petulant complaints. I felt, that nature never
 “ designed

“designed me for a philosopher; and
 “acknowledged my own vanity in p
 “tending to teach others patience a
 “fortitude before I had learnt them m
 “self.—Experience, I find, will teach
 “man knowledge,” said I, “but if I ra
 “ble in expectation of losing the infirmi
 “of my nature, disappointment will be
 “reward of my labour.—The feelings a
 “mistakes of mortality are implant
 “within me—and tho’ I will endeavour
 “shake off some few by the assistance
 “reason—and strive to make others do
 “same—which I hope I shall be able
 “do—some will attend me till I sha
 “hands with time, and he shake his scy
 “at me no more.”—I left the inn as mu
 a philosopher as I entered it—and som
 thing *wiser*—for I found I was *a fool*.—

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T H E W A L K.

I Will walk to Islington—and as I shall move but slowly, shall get there but just in time to eat a hot buttered roll at the White-Conduit-House.”—I set off—and was on out of the smoaky air of the city—and felt myself as light and airy as the birds which flew in triumph o’er my head singing their little harmonious throats.—“Can there,” said I, “amidst this scene of innocent, rural simplicity and chearfulness, be a bosom filled with melancholy and discontent?”—Imagination was too much charmed to suppose there could—tho’ reason contradicted the flattering supposition.—“What delightful prospects of art and nature!—what various, amusing landscapes!—Were the inhabitants of this world,” said I, “as complete and charming
“ing

"ing as the world itself, there would
 "be such murmurings—such justling—
 "driving one against the other—for ro
 "enough there certainly is for every m
 "to walk at ease and quiet."—But again
 found myself mistaken;—a young fellow
 and two or three girls rushed past me w
 such violence, they were near laying
 contemplative worship on the ground
 because I did not happen to see th
 wanted to pass me—which I might ha
 done, had my eyes been placed as a ha
 for the advantage of seeing behind me
 "Friend," said I, "cannot these fair E
 "learn thee more politeness—than rud
 "to push against a stranger?—one w
 "never offended thee—but was seriou
 "meditating on the beauties of the creat
 "—We are travelling the same road—p
 "haps are going to the same place—the
 "why will you unhospitably make the p
 "which would lead us to innocent amu
 "ment, a scene of riot and rudeness?"
 "What," said the youth, "you want

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join company—and have one of those fair Eves to yourself—none of your tricks upon travellers—The next time you want to moralize, good Mr. Benedict, stay at home; 'tis the best place for you—the polite world was not made for philosophers—they are only scarecrows set up to fright the young and gay—and whilst they preach to the world, and publickly declaim against vice and folly, they secretly indulge themselves in every kind of voluptuous licentiousness.”—The railer and his Eves left me—the latter gigling at the smartness of their orator—Gracious heaven! that a man so black should be suspected of wanting to treat another man of his pleasures, and should be so tauntingly abused for admiring the works of his Creator—But I forgive him—and therefore reaped a pleasure from being insulted, which he did not suspect I should steal from him; and since I found a man who had resolution to think seriously was such a frightful bugbear to society

society—I more gayly joined the throng.
 “I will for the future,” said I, be as for
 “suspected for a Jesuit—as a man of r
 “flection—when I venture myself amid
 “a crowd.”——

THE

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TH

VOL.

THE WHITE CONDUIT-HOUSE.

EVERY room was filled with company —I walked from the smallest to the largest—and with much difficulty at length squeezed myself down at one corner of a table—and, after waiting a considerable time, obtained some coffee and a roll.—Next me sat two lovers, on whom my attention was so much employed—that I hardly looked at any other person in the room.

THE LOVERS

NATURE had done her utmost in the formation of their persons—both were equally pleasing—youth and beauty were in the meridian of their triumph—The swain was eloquent—Love, timidity, and distrust sat on the features of the nymph.—Good heaven, what a number of thy Saints were called upon to rise from their peaceful resting places to witness to his truth, love and honor!—It made me doubt his sincerity.—If a man speaks the truth, he wants no evidence to confirm his veracity—and why does he call upon those to witness for him, whom he knows he calls upon in vain—all the Saints and Angels in heaven would have constant employment, were they forced to attend as witnesses to every love tale—and often would they appear mal-a-propos—and

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make a terrible havock with their honest faces.—None of them, however, came to contradict the all-solemn vows of this professor of genuine sincerity—but one appeared whom he did not call upon—and whose unexpected intrusion put him as much to the blush as St. Paul could have done.—“What,” cried a female, who entered the room, “have I discovered you at last, with the fine taudry madam for whom I am forsaken?—but let her take care—her beauty is not superior to mine.—I gave up friends, family, reputation and fortune—yet am I abandoned because you chanced to meet another as fair.”—The address caused a general confusion—the young lady, at sight of her rival, sunk into the arms of the man from whom she seemed to wish she could have fled.—“Clara,” cried the youth to the enraged fair one, “you shall severely repent this usage.”—“Permit me, Sir,” said I “to assist this suffering lady—and do you prevail on the other to withdraw—any farther insults may prove fatal to so

"gentle a mind."—He left the young beauty to my care, and withdrew with the other—who was not less injured.—My patient recovered, and I persuaded her to walk with me into the garden.—She had been cruelly deceived by one of my sex—but the seriousness of my behaviour would not permit her to suspect me;—and she the more readily complied, as her own sex stood laughing at her distress, condemning loudly the folly of the girl:—I therefore led her through the apartment into—

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THE GARDEN.

WHEN we had escaped from the
 unfeeling multitude, she thus ad-
 dressed me :—" That heaven has sent me a
 " friend in you, Sir, who appear in dress
 " and humanity as one of its servants, I
 " will ever be thankful—I never so much
 " wanted a friend as in this hour—and
 " had you not assisted me to escape from
 " the wondering crowd, my confusion had
 " been as great as my distress.—You saw
 " me in company with, and under the
 " protection of a man whom my parents
 " disapproved—but on whose account I
 " refused an amiable youth, whom they
 " recommended as worthy my regard—
 " and although I have for some time had
 " reason to suspect Rolando's sincerity, I
 " this afternoon left my father's house on
 " pretence of visiting a female friend—

“ and accompanied him to this place—He
 “ was exerting all his eloquence to pre-
 “ vail on me to accompany him to Scot-
 “ land — and, I fear, I should have been
 “ the dupe of his artful promises, had not
 “ that unfortunate girl came and claimed
 “ her prior right.—Good God,” cried she,
 bursting into tears, “ that another should
 “ have a right to that heart which I vainly
 “ thought was all my own !” — Her tears
 affected me — they were the tears of suf-
 fering innocence and love—and she looked
 like the humble lily bending with the dew-
 drops of the morning.—“ Thou art a fairer
 “ flower,” said I, “ than any which blooms
 “ in these beds around us — but what will
 “ avail the charms of beauty without the
 “ blossom of discretion ?—Thou hast been
 “ imprudent, sweet maid, but not guilty.
 “ Love will often lead its votaries to the
 “ brink of ruin, when Providence will
 “ kindly interpose and point out the danger.
 “ Withdraw thy heart from the bosom of
 “ that artful deceiver—’tis a jewel of
 “ which he knows not the value — and as
 “ an

"an atonement for thy mistake, give it to
 "the man thy parents have chosen for thy
 "partner—time will shortly reconcile thee
 "to a loss which is not worth lamenting."
 —"I will follow thy advice," said she; but
 "must beg you to accompany me home—
 "let me have the pleasure of presenting
 "you to the best of parents—and thy
 "presence will preserve me from any farther
 "insults from that man, whom I will
 "fly from with as much care as I ever
 "studied to behold him." — "I will
 "order the coach," said I,— "and go with
 thee." —

THE ALTERCATION.

WHEN we were just going to step into the coach, the youth, who had occasioned all this confusion, made his appearance—and taking my companion by the hand—“Almena,” said he, “where are you going?—would you leave me because a mad woman chose to torment me?”—“Begone, Rolando,”—cried the agitated Almena—“my soul despises thee, man.”—“Impossible, my angel!—you must not leave me—By heaven, and heaven’s Ruler, I know her not.”—“Swear no more by that heaven,” cried the affronted injured maid—“you have too often profaned it with your dark deceitful oaths—My heart is no longer yours—it shall be given, with my hand, to another—therefore make atonement to that injured one in your possession—Coachman, go on
“—I will

“— I will hold no farther conversation
“with the base destroyer of innocence.”—

We left Rolando in a state of miserable
astonishment, to reflections of sorrow and
disappointment—They were the wages he
had toiled for.—

THE HALF HOUR.

“**T**HOU art a heroine,” said I, —
 delighted with the just spirit Al-
 mena had shewn — “Not farther than
 “ words,” said she, “for anguish is rankling
 “ within my bosom. This is a cruel,
 “ ungrateful, a designing world — what is
 “ to be found in it but misery? — Oh, Sir,
 “ it was not an open enemy that has done
 “ me this dishonour — for then I could have
 “ borne it — but it was Rolando — my com-
 “ panion — one whom I had chosen to be my
 “ guide — on whom my soul reposed itself
 “ for peace — and in whose soft counsel I
 “ had long delighted — But I will be myself.
 “ — Almena will conquer this weak passion,
 “ and make her parents and Fidelio hap-
 “ py.” I was struck with the greatness of
 her complaints — they were not the com-
 plaints of a romantic mind — but the natu-
 ral

ral effusions of generosity—piety—and suffering love.—I almost pitied the wretch who had lost so fair a treasure—I took her hand—“Think no more of words,” said I, “that were smoother than oil, but sharper than swords—I am convinced, you know on whom to cast your care—nor will he suffer so noble, so lovely a votary to his laws to weep in vain—yet do not, young lady, rate the pleasures and satisfactions of this life too low, because disappointment has reached your heart—the world has ten thousand delights in store for the favorites of fortune—and you seem justly to be one of them.”

T H E

THE MEETING.

THE coach stopt at the door of an elegant building in ***** street—She lightly tript from it, and desired me to follow her—I did so—and we entered a room where sat a venerable pair and a handsome youth—Anxiety was painted on each of their countenances—the anxiety of the parents—and the lover—whilst the rose of spring was blooming on that of the fair spirit I attended. — “Almena, my dearest child,” cried the father, “why have you racked the bosom of thy father, mother, and that honest youth—who dares not speak his anguish—with so many tears? The friend you told us you were going to visit has just been here—and to what lucky—or unfortunate circumstance are we indebted to a visit from this stranger?” — “Sir,” cried the undissemblyng penitent,

penitent, "Undutifulness;—and friendship brought this gentleman to your dwelling—
 —I left your paternal roof this afternoon to meet a man you forbade me to see—
 giving up duty, and all advantages of fortune; ingratitude and deceit were the rewards I met with.—Ask me not to unfold any farther of the tale—suffice it to tell you, I, *happily*, found Rolando unworthy my regard before it was too late to see my error—my heart, disgusted at the cheat imposed upon it, again has returned to its long-forsaken mansion, and will for ever be steeled against the dangerous pleadings of deceit—I will see the man you so justly disliked no more—pride, honor, and duty, joined to the ingratitude of a traitor, have cured me of a foolish and imprudent passion. Fidelio," cried she, turning to him, "why are you so dejected?—You hear what a thoughtless wanderer I have been from the path of prudence and of duty—Can you still continue to love me?"—"Till death seal my lips—and I no longer can
 " witness

" witness to the unchanging verdure of
 " laurel—which is an emblem of my passion
 " —I never can cease to love you."
 " Enough," cried she,—“ truth is seated
 " your tongue—my friendship and esteem
 " are already yours—and my heart will
 " to your bosom for refuge against
 " storms and cares of life.—Take my hand
 " which Mr. Frankly shall join to yours
 " the moon has gone twelve more of her
 " journies through the skies.”—The scene
 which ensued would require the pen of
 Forick to describe.——

T H

THE FAREWELL.

AFTER spending the evening in social conversation, and beneath the smiling influence of hospitality—after reading in the eyes of the parents and lover that joy danced in their hearts—and being convinced that serenity was returned to Almema's, I retired, giving them a direction where to find me, and promising to join the hands of the young pair.—After thanking them for all their civilities, I rose up to bid them farewell—for although I was to sleep beneath their roof, I told them, as I came out to ramble, they must not expect to see me in the morning.—Almena followed me to the door of my apartment—at parting, she said, —“Prudence, resolution, love, and duty, shall again reconcile me to the love of life, and obliterate all remembrance of that perfidious youth, from whose falsehood
“and

“and ingratitude Providence and you
 “kindly saved me.”—The apartment which
 gratitude had prepared for me was grand
 beyond description — the bed was of the
 finest silk, and the softest down.—I was
 pleased with the owner of the dwelling for
 the respect he shewed me; but my heart
 was humbled at the gaudy, expensive scene
 around me—and ere the god of Sleep sent
 his leaden messenger to close my eyes—
 could not forbear giving way to the follow-
 ing reflections.

THE

THE REFLECTIONS.

HOW strange and uncertain are the
 occurrences of life! — Who would
 have supposed that such an apartment as
 this was this night to have enclosed that
 poor, unnoticed Rambler, Frankly? — An
 apartment as fine as his sovereign's — and
 which only wants that lovely ornament,
 Alia, to render it equal perhaps to his
 happiness. — After all, this is at best — and
 at worst — a pleasing — displeasing — comical
 life — and its inhabitants are as whimsical
 as its changes — To-morrow night, it is
 most likely, I shall rest upon a bed much
 warmer than this — but content will help to
 smooth it. — I laid in such state I could not
 sleep — and blushed at finding pride was
 making me to folly — Shall a son of the dust,
 and I, — whose weak nature cannot support
 itself

itself if it does not sink into the arms
 slumber, and lay some hours absorbed, as
 in the arms of death—suffer that kind friend
 Repose, to be taken from him, because
 is surrounded with the labours of the fil
 worm, that industrious mechanick—Nig
 is the favorite hour of reflection.—Life
 a passing shadow—a waking dream—a
 all human grandeur is a scene of folly.—
 began to think like myself, but I could
 sleep—and why?—I had forgotten to p
 a debt before I laid me on the bed of do
 —and I paid it in the following manner.

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THE DEBT.

LET the vain and proud court the
 hand of ambition—Let obsequious
 meanness bend to tyranny in power—
 my little day of life I will ever and only
 dedicate to him who gave it.—I am
 convinced, life is of value to none but
 to the virtuous—and of but little real
 value even to them:—I cannot look
 back on one year that has not deprived
 me of some enjoyment—some social
 friend.—I resign myself to the will of
 Providence—my hopes are locked up in
 the extensive bosom of eternity.—Were
 that sweet bud of everlasting hope taken
 from the mind of man, what would
 avail the rectitude and loveliness of vir-
 tue?—how dejected would be her fol-
 lowers?—But as that cannot be stolen
 “ from

"from my bosom, I will ever rejoice in
 "dignity of my nature—and my soul sh
 "be above degrading it. Although
 "good things of this life are not all
 "upon my table, no torpid, dread
 "thought shall enter the mind of him w
 "expects happiness to eternity."—T
 tribute being paid, soft slumber descend
 and closed my eyes in peace.

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THE DREAM.

WHEN nature is sunk to rest, the soul begins its excursions—on the airy pinions of imagination.—Methought I was the ruler of a nation—and ambition was become the ruler of my actions—I determined to bring the whole world in subjection to my laws.—I called my people together—to make known to them the grand design of their sovereign—my will was the law they obeyed.—“Prepare for war,” said I haughtily ;—“I am tired of peace—the world in fetters shall own me for its Lord.”—No one presumed to dispute my will, and I retired to my closet through ranks of ten thousand discontented slaves. I exulted in my power—although I found anxiety, discontent, and the wasp of envy fixed within my bosom.—There is
but

but one Ruler in heaven, said my aspirin
heart—there shall be but one upon earth
At the same instant the impious resolution
was formed, methought the spirit of my
father stood before me—he waved his hand
and, looking sternly at me, addressed me
in the following words :—“ The greatness
“ of the Deity does not consist in his un-
“ bounded power, but in the exercise
“ that power.—Edward, thou art a tyrant
“ and though I was once proud to call thee
“ son, I now disclaim thee.”—I awoke with
terror, and looked round me with astonish-
ment—and as soon as Recollection was se-
ated on her throne, I thanked Heaven it was
but a dream. —

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THE MORNING.

SOON as the golden morning had chased away with her rays the shades of night, I left the dwelling of Almena.—I rambled through several streets whose inhabitants were still wrapt in the arms of slumber.—I met a few indeed who were anxiously going to obey the calls of industry.—The face of business was not begun, and guilt was but just driven by the light of day to hide its head till darkness should return.—“How different,” said I, “now appears the face of things to what they will a few hours hence!—All now is peace and silence—all then will be noise, bustle, and impertinence.”—The scene was in an instant changed.

THE

THE FIRE.

THE cry of fire no sooner reached my ears, than I flew to the spot from whence it proceeded, and gave all the assistance in my power—The family were saved, but the building was consumed—We invited the poor sufferers into a public house over the way, and ordered a breakfast to be prepared—We went to the windows to look at the ruins, and observed a sight more dreadful than the fire—the merciless wretches round the scene of horror were stealing what the flames would have spared. — “Nancy,” cried the distressed husband, “I yesterday thought myself the happiest of human beings—I am now one of the most miserable.” — “Endeavour to be composed,” said I—“Man was not born to pass through this life in the unclouded

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"clouded sunshine of prosperity—had thy
 "Nancy perished in the flames, how much
 "greater had been thy misfortune?"—
 "Very true, Sir,—that would have been a
 "stroke I could not have borne—yes, I
 "might have been more miserable."—"Or
 "I might have lost my Henry." Gratitude
 sparkled in their eyes—and they almost
 forgot their sorrows.—"Ye are my friends,"
 said I,— "and deserve a happier fate—but
 "although ye are at this time fallen un-
 "der the frowns of fortune, Providence
 "may at last kindly smoothe his brow."—
 "My brother!" cried the tender wife—
 and flew to her husband's arms as if for
 shelter—they were the only shelter she had
 left—A gentleman entered the room—
 "Harry," said he, "the news of thy dis-
 "tress has reached me, and thy danger and
 "misfortune have softened my heart in
 "thy favor—I, from this moment, forgive
 "thee for the theft thou hast committed—
 "My sister was a treasure I did not design
 "for the arms of a tradesman—but since
 VOL. II. D "she

“ she preferred thy truth, and thou hast
 “ used her well, though I withheld her
 “ fortune, I will this day give it into thy
 “ possession—My coach is waiting at the
 “ door—you shall both go home, and reside
 “ with me till another habitation can be
 “ procured.”—He embraced his sister—
 ’twas no longer the house of mourning, but
 of joy, and their souls seemed bending be-
 neath the conquering passions of gratitude
 and love—At parting, I shook the now hap-
 py husband by the hand—and bade him re-
 member, that misfortunes were sometimes
 meant for good.—The flames being nearly
 extinguished, and no farther mischief likely
 to ensue, I left the crowd, and past thro’
 the city as fast as possible, in order to
 get into the fields—designing to ramble to
 Greenwich.

THE FIELDS.

THE rosy clouds skirted the top of the rising hills, and reflected the beams of the morning sun—the green carpet which was spread around, gave Nature a beautiful appearance.—I sat me down to enjoy the luxurious treat which the prospect afforded—my heart expanded with delight—I forgot my own cares, and the cares of others—the minds of men differ as much as their persons.

THE DISCONTENTED MAN.

WITHOUT observing me, a man,
 who passed by, gave way to the
 following uncommon soliloquy:—"I am
 " rich—if money can make me so—yet
 " what avails the having wealth? since I
 " am doomed to eat—drink—sleep—and
 " feel pain as others do——What signifies
 " the having a heap of dross which I never
 " touch, and consequently do not want?—
 " My wife is handsome—but I am tired of
 " seeing the same face so often—my chil-
 " dren, I see, do not love me—and my
 " scoundrel servants obey my commands
 " with unwillingness."—"Go thy ways,"
 said I, with indignation—"advice would
 " be lost on such a one as thee—thy ill
 " nature perhaps makes a worthy woman
 " wretched—whilst all the charms of prat-
 " tling

"thing innocence are lost upon a mind
 "which will not know serenity—Well
 "may thy servants obey thee with reluc-
 "tance."——The world must be a mere
 blank to the son of discontent, and his soul
 must be tossed about by the waves of mi-
 sery—Is it not extraordinary, that the folly
 and ingratitude of mankind is such—to
 make the path of life perplexed and intri-
 cate—which God himself made so plain,
 easy, and pleasant for us?——

THE MILK-MAID.

SHE was fair as the snow on the plain
 which a sun-beam had not kissed.—
 “Let me have half a pint of milk,” said I.
 —She curtsied, and gave me the requested
 treat.—“Thou lookest like the favorite
 “daughter of Health,” said I, “and thy
 “liquor is a fit offering for thee to make
 “mankind.”—She smiled at the strange
 address—and being paid for her milk,
 took up her pail, and tript from me with
 pleasure and contentment sparkling in her
 eyes—I called her back again—“I will
 “have another half pint—because it is
 “grateful from thy hand—Art thou in love,
 “child?”—She blushed, and held down her
 head—“Don’t be ashamed, fair maid—
 “love and innocence are the divine images
 “of celestial pleasures.”—“It may be so,”
 replied

replied the artless listner;—"but I never
 " was in love—and the generality of man-
 " kind are represented to me as such dan-
 " gerous designers—that I shall shun them
 " with as much care as I can."—Her lan-
 " guage surprized me.—"Thou art right,"
 " said I—"nothing should so much engage a
 " woman's attention as the avenues which
 " lead to her heart.—Mankind are all, in
 " their turns, fond of a rattle—but love is
 " the rattle most in vogue amongst the
 " young and old—all the world are Cupid's
 " followers."

THE PARTING.

A Servant was walking at some distance, leading his own horse, and a lady's adorned with all the trappings of grandeur—I looked around for the fair owner—at the same instant I heard voices on the other side of the hedge—A lady, in an elegant riding dress, was earnestly conversing with a young gentleman—she shed tears—Nor was her companion more composed—every distracting, agonizing thought seemed painted on his face, which denoted the tempest in his bosom to be as rough and boisterous as the winter's storm.—“Zorayda,” said he, “why wert thou false?”—“It was not falsehood,” said she, “but the commands of a parent, and the artful language of deceit, led me from thy arms, and from all my happiness.”

"piness — You leave me, Evander, the
 "most miserable of human beings, a sa-
 "crifice to ambition and credulity—I shall
 "not be long on earth's busy scene," cried
 she, in an agony of woe; "but I will be
 "the first to welcome you on the confines
 "of heaven."—"You talk of dying with
 "a voice so sweet," said Evander, "that
 "you make even such a wretch as I am
 "in love with life.—I must leave you—
 "my soul can no longer support this con-
 "flict—To-morrow I shall depart from
 "England—may the husband of Zorayda
 "prove deserving of the treasure which
 "he so basely stole from me—On your ac-
 "count I cannot lift my arm against his
 "life—He—the detested Belcombe—has
 "raised you to a rank I never could have
 "done—May love, peace, and serenity
 "crown your days with uninterrupted
 "happiness—and when surrounded with
 "felicity, bestow sometimes a thought on
 "that hapless wanderer—who will ever
 "cherish your dear image in his breast."

—He mounted his horse, and was out of sight in an instant.—She made no effort to detain him—hardly able to support herself, she turned back—her servant appeared—she was soon seated on horseback—The fair object was unhappy—and was charming beyond description—Beauty in distress finds an easy passage to the heart of man—I wished to relieve her anguish, and followed at a distance, whilst she rode slowly on.

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THE FALL

Regardless of life, she was thoughtless of danger—her horse took fright—plunged—and threw her to the earth—and she laid to all appearance dead—I flew to her assistance—took her in my arms—and used every means in my power to recover her—her servant endeavoured to overtake the frightened beast, who, regardless of the state of his mistress, had fled from the spot with his utmost swiftness. — After chafing her temples, and rubbing her hands—and when I began to think her gentle spirit was fled to the borders of heaven, there to wait the arrival of Evander's—she recovered.—“Thank heaven!” said I, “she lives—speak, Madam, how do you find yourself?”—“Cruel stranger,” cried she, “why so anxious to bring me
“back

"back to a life of misery?—Evander, why
 "did you leave me?—Yet why does the
 "wife of Lord Belcombe think of thee?—
 "Detested union, hateful title!—the bane
 "of all my peace!—How shall I return to
 "a wretch, ugly in person, but far more
 "deformed in mind?—a libertine, devoid
 "of every honor but birth and title—the
 "pretender of probity—the champion of
 "religion—yet a Deist and debauchee,"—
 Her complaints wounded me—what argu-
 ments could be found to soften such dis-
 tress?—"Appearance," said I, "is a false
 "curtain, behind which all sorts of dis-
 "guises are too often hid—for thousands
 "would envy even thee, fair sufferer—
 "Frankly more than pities thee—for he
 "feels thy anguish dart through every
 "fibre of his heart."—"If my father had
 "been in possession of a heart like thine,
 "he had not sold his child to certain mi-
 "sery, to satisfy his ambition and avarice."
 —How often does the fondness—folly—or
 sordidness of parents force their children
 into

into splendid wretchedness!—Two servants returned with a carriage for their lady.—

“I dare not ask you to accompany me home,” said she,—“they who join to

“deceive others are ever suspicious of being deceived themselves—but give me a

“direction where to find you—and if I am ever mistress of myself and fortune, you

“shall hear from me—I will not be forgetful of the friendship for which despair

“will not let me thank you—at present, my mind can form no other wish—than

“to have this frame of clay laid within the dreary bowels of the earth—Should you

“ever meet Evander, tell him you were the preserver of Zorayda’s life :—and he will

“thank you.”—She spoke with heart-reaching pathos—I gave her the requested

direction, and handed her to the carriage.

—“Let the dream of hope again spring forth afresh,” said I :—“what, though

“thou art married to a man thou canst not love, and parted from one thy soul

“adored—yet do not despair—for happy
“days

" days are wrapt up in the hand of time
 " for thee—If thou ever sendest for me
 " fair excellence, I will attend thee, though
 " thou art placed at the farthest extent of
 " England—Commit no farther suicide of
 " thy health and mind's peace—for quick
 " does a variety of unforeseen events suc-
 " ceed each other.

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THE EFFUSIONS OF PITY.

PITY awakens tender thoughts —

“Poor Zorayda,” said I, “thou art going to the habitation of grandeur, where thou wilt sit as disconsolate as the lone flower on the deserted crumbling wall, tottering by the hand of age—and which time has rendered terrible—like that sweet flower, too, thou art surrounded by the twining ivy of despair—What, to thee, are all the gay walks of life, since thy Evander’s lost?—how dark and discoloured are all the works of God, when sorrow inhabits the mind! — May no flowers of disappointed fancy, or cruel baits of remembrance, swell Zorayda’s sorrows into guilty repinings.”—I met lady Belcombe afterwards—but an account of that happy meeting must be referred to the ramble in which it happened. —

THE

THE TRAVELLER.

WE are naturally fond of a companion in our journey through life—I walked with the traveller as long as I could keep pace with him—he had a large pack on his shoulders.—“Thy burthen seems to sit light upon thy shoulder,” said I.—“But, light as it may seem,” returned he surlily,—“I feel its weight with pain and fatigue.—I am not born for such servile drudgery—that bitch Fortune deceived me, and necessity has bent my neck to the yoke.—For the future, master, don’t tell another man his burthen is light, unless he has felt the weight of it.”—He walked on and left me.—“It was fortunate for me,” said I, “that I was born to walk in the retired shades of life—to tread my

"ple path unnoticed and unknown—no
 "vain flowers of hope e'er led me to the
 "thorny walks of ambition.—I am sorry
 "for the traveller — Misfortune and dis-
 "appointment have soured his temper,
 "and rendered him averse to society."—
 "arrived at Greenwich without meeting
 "any thing worth my notice—dined by my-
 "self at the first inn I came to—then walked
 "into the park.——

THE

GREENWICH PARK.

HOW delightful the scene! Nature w
 dreft in all her glory — not a Zeph
 moved a leaf — impregnate Fancy w
 struck with a variety of mixed sensations
 “How various are the charms,” said
 “thrown around to hide the rugged pat
 “of life! — the traveller must have forg
 “ten his misfortunes had he wandered
 “this place—How much do we owe to o
 “parent Nature!—and what an unaccou
 “table depravity of heart must that m
 “possess, who is blind to the ten thousa
 “soft delights this world affords!—Be it
 “prerogative of greatness to be wretched
 “I, though poor, with pleased eyes, a
 “grateful heart, can view the world—a
 “every hour its varied charms present
 “with something new and entertaining.”
 wandered in Greenwich Park till the cool
 gales of evening warned me to be gone.—

T H

THE HOSPITAL.

I Will just go in," said I, "and look around the spacious building erected for the noblest of purposes—that of sheltering disabled worth."—I did so—and in every part of it found something to admire. Looks free from care are the index of a contented mind—I saw many of them here—Well might the stranger exclaim—that the English beggars lived in a palace—it seemed the palace of Benevolence, and my heart partook of the ease and satisfaction which hundreds enjoyed beneath its extended roof—an asylum which industry had procured for them—*Poverty* is a disease which a great part of the world fly from as carefully as they would fly the plague, and merit is often left to sink into silent ruin beneath its baneful shade. — What will be

be our reflections in the next world, when we come to see men distinguished by the real worth in this?—To think of having neglected the man of merit for the specious pretending hypocrite, will certainly in the Elysian shades give us a pang.—

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THE RETURN.

A Coach was going from Greenwich to London; I got into it, there was no other passenger. As soon as I alighted, I hastened home to my Julia, and finding all my family well, and rejoiced to see me returned, sat down and gave them an account of the incidents I had met with; and the evening passed chearfully away.

END OF RAMBLE II.

THE

THE
R A M B L E S

O F
MR. FRANKLY

R A M B L E III.

HOW uncertain is this life!—What capricious dame is Fortune!—Often had I, in my hours of discontent, murmured against her blind ladyship—without giving myself time to reflect that the wheels of prosperity were still in her possession.—Let no one ever presume to call the will of heaven in question. The great chain of events is ordered so as to promote the welfare

welfare, and encrease the happiness of mankind. Had I never known the cares which attend the humble stations of life, I should not have known the real blessings of affluence—and might have fluttered through life, regardless of the wants of others.

I was one day just sat down to a simple repast, which was rendered beyond description grateful by the presence of my Maria and her little cherubs, who, smiling with delight on their happy parents, partook the healthful meal with innocence, gratitude and joy — when a stranger abruptly entered our apartment, followed by Mr. Trueman, whose tears were chasing each other down his venerable cheeks. I had some faint remembrance of the stranger's countenance, and enquired the cause of this visit—He caught me by the hand—but, instead of speaking, burst into tears. I was surprized—"Friend," said I, "speak your distress; and if in my power to serve you, depend on my doing so to the
" the

"the utmost—sorry I am to say my power
 "limited."—"Ah! Mr. Frankly," he cried
 "this is no more than I expected, from
 "the character I have heard of you—but
 "know, Sir, that I come to put affluence
 "in your possession, and not to rob you
 "of that trifle which already so many have
 "shared with you. You had an uncle
 "Sir, in Jamaica—he is no more—he even
 "loved you—and although, from some quar-
 "rel which had arisen between him and
 "your father, they never corresponded
 "yet he constantly received such accounts
 "of you that determined him to make you
 "his heir. He died about six months since
 "leaving you a fortune of eighty thousand
 "pounds."—"Gracious God," I cried, "is
 "it possible?—If it is, enable me to sup-
 "port this prosperity as I ought. Julia
 "said I, "we had learnt to be content with
 "a little—Yet, since Heaven has thought
 "fit to bless us with abundance, I trust,
 "will encrease our happiness and that of
 "others." I took her in my arms, and

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we silently offered up our mutual thanks to the Great Distributer of all good. Recovering a little, I turned to the messenger of this good news, and enquired of him all the particulars relating to it—and found he had, from the time of my uncle's going abroad, been his companion, and the sharer of his fortunes—the greatest part of which he had acquired by trade, and, at different times, remitted to England, and placed in the funds—except about fifteen thousand pounds, which had arisen from the sale of his effects, and which this faithful executor of the will of his master put into my possession in a few days. On my asking how my uncle had provided for him, I found by his will, that he had left him an annuity of an hundred pounds a year, and a legacy of a thousand pounds, which I paid him immediately. Within a few weeks he left us to pay a visit to some friends in Wales, expressing a desire of returning to finish his days near me, having already conceived an affection for me and mine—

not only on account of our own goodness of heart, he said, but as being nearly related to the benefactor from whom he received every blessing. Honesty and gratitude were charms not to be slighted. I made him a proposal of living with me, to which he readily agreed, provided I would let him superintend my affairs, as steward. Already had he been a faithful one to me, and I accepted the offer with joy.—Before he left me, I requested him to keep this affair a secret till his return, which was to be within six months — Which time I determined to live in my usual way, without acquainting any one, except the parents of my Julia, with the unexpected alteration in my affairs.—He promised to obey me, and we parted.

THE CONVERSATION.

THE morning Honestus left me, I requested my Julia to accompany me to my study. "You see," I cried, "my angel, thou pure source from which all my felicity must ever flow, how Providence has thought fit to crown us with its favors—and that too, without depriving us of a friend which we long had loved—for although I shall ever reverence the memory of my bountiful relation, yet, as I never knew him, I feel not that agonizing woe which a more intimate knowledge of him must have occasioned."—"True, my Edward," she returned—"I feel all our blessings with gratitude not to be expressed. On yours and on my childrens account I more immediately share in the profusion thrown

“ before us—We shall no longer feel anxiety for the dear babes in respect to fixing them in the world—and it will exempt from any future fatigue the man who is all the world to me.”—“ And hast thou no pride, my Julia,” said I,—“ no impatience to figure away in the great world, adorned with the splendor of dress, attended by a throng of servants, and the pomp of equipage?”—A cloud was spread over her brow; but was soon driven away by a placid smile.—“ Yes, my Edward, I have a pride—and it consists in the pleasing Heaven and you—and so long as I dress to please your taste, I shall be satisfied—I wish not to raise the envy of the world: and the uninterrupted health with which I have hitherto been blest, has never let me feel the want of a number of attendants. I should scarce know how to command others to do that for me which I have been so long accustomed to do with ease for myself.” I clasped the dear charmer in

in my arms — told her my desire of living some months as we had done, and of giving away the interest of my fortune in relieving real objects of distress. — “Tis a debt, I think, we owe to Heaven — and the only way of speaking our gratitude. To-morrow we will set off for W * * *, and spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn — I am impatient to make them sharers in our felicity.” Her eyes sparkled with transport at my proposal. — She was an unfashionable wife, and told me, I ever guided her to what was wisest, best. She lightly tript from me, and I immediately went out to find an object of distress.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

INSENSIBLY, I wandered to the other end of the town. How foolish to expect to find a miserable being amidst the habitations of the great! Yet such an one presented itself, decorated with all the gaiety of dress and fashion. Turning the corner of a street, my eyes encountered those of a female, whom, methought, I knew. She seemed desirous of avoiding me, which confirmed my suspicions—I followed her, and soon called her by her name—She blushed, and answered, “Alas, “ Sir, why will you take notice of a wretch “ unworthy the attention of any one?”—She was the pretty, and once the innocent daughter of a reputable farmer in the neighbourhood of W***. She had left her parents, and fled to London with Sir George

George Thoughtless. This was all I then knew of her history. — “Hebe,” said I, “permit me to attend you home.” — She silently assented. We soon arrived at a noble house in — street—a footman, in a rich livery, opened the door, and I followed my fair conductress into a grand apartment—In a faltering voice she desired me to be seated. I was pleased with the emotion she discovered—it plainly shewed, that she still revered virtue; and that vice could not make her happy. “You see before you, Sir,” cried she, “a miserable wretch, although surrounded with affluence—but I have brought it on myself. You were no stranger to my leaving the best of parents about five years since with Sir George Thoughtless—yet, believe me, Sir, I expected to be his wife. I have lived with him from that unfortunate period, and must do him the justice to say, he has ever treated me better than I deserved. I believe he once intended to make me his wife; but

“by my own imprudence, I forfeited all
 “right to expect that honor.”—“Do not,
 “Miss Freeman, brand yourself, by so
 “readily endeavouring to find excuses for
 “your undoer—Had he designed to marry
 “you, would he have taken you from your
 “parents, or used any arts to level you
 “with the most infamous of your sex?
 “—I am sorry to use such harsh expressi-
 “ons; but your situation will not permit
 “me to talk in any other stile. Would
 “you be willing to leave Sir George?”—
 “Gladly would I leave him,” she cried—
 “but I have no friendly roof to shelter my
 “wretchedness. My parents have long
 “forgotten their guilty, but repentant
 “daughter.”—Her grief found an easy
 passage to my heart—I expressed a pleasure
 at what I heard—told her, that, if she was
 willing to accompany me to W* * *, for
 which place I intended to set off the next
 day, I would undertake to reconcile her to
 her parents, and make her situation easy to
 her, by procuring her father a sum for her
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board that should exclude her from joining with her sisters in their laborious employments. Words cannot describe her joy. She begged leave to retire—in a few minutes she returned, dressed in a plain, simple manner—and said she was ready to attend me. A tear was just starting—I observed the poor, trembling drop, and asked her if she would leave no message for Sir George. “I own, I love Sir George,” she replied—“but since he has made me the wretch I am, I would never wish to see him more—may he be happy with a better, a more”——Here, her speech failed her.—I took her by the hand, and leading her to the door, called a coach, into which we both got—first bidding the servant tell Sir George, he might hear of Miss Freeman, either at the Rev. Mr. Selwyn’s at W***, or at her father’s house.

We arrived at my humble habitation—to which I welcomed my new visitor, and having acquainted my Julia with her fair

neighbour's story, she endeavoured to make the minutes pass away as chearfully as possible — whilst I, assisted by Trueman, was preparing for our departure in the morning, which we had agreed should be in a stage coach—for as we designed making a short stay, we had previously determined to leave the three little ones to the care of our faithful attendants.

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THE RIOT.

A Noise in the street attracted my attention; and the cry of, *Stop thief*, resounded from the mouth of every one. I opened the door, and in bolted a poor wretch shivering with cold and fear, emaciated with care and want. He fell on his knees before me; at the same instant a constable entered, who had followed him to the asylum into which he had fled. The pitiless officer roughly caught him by the throat, as he was kneeling to supplicate my pity. I desired him to let the unhappy sufferer speak, which he unwillingly consented to—saying, he had no time to lose. “You see, Sir,” cried the offender, “a being, driven by necessity to guilt—I attempted to steal a morsel of bread
“ to

" to supply the wants of nature—and am
 " but just returned from Quebec, where
 " I served my King and Country to the
 " best of my power—but being disabled
 " in the service, my officers thought fit to
 " discharge me. I would willingly have
 " gone to the place where I was born—
 " but sickness prevented me—and when
 " all my money was gone, I was reduced
 " to begging—at last to that of stealing."
 —A blush flew to the cheek of him who
 told the tale of woe—a tear stole down
 the face of every hearer, but of the har-
 dened constable, who cursed him for a
 hypocritical dog. I offered the man a
 guinea to leave his charge with me. Gold
 has stronger charms than misery—it will
 buy compassion—and bribe the stern front
 of justice to wear a smile. He left the
 house, telling the people that the villain
 had escaped through a back door.

When the mob was dispersed, and the
 poor wretch refreshed by a comfortable
 meal,

meal, I gave him five guineas to defray his expences to the place of his birth—and he repaid me by the prayer he offered up to heaven for my health and happiness.

THE

THE JOURNEY TO W***.

THE morning arrived—and we were seated in the stage-coach before daylight appeared in the heavens. There were two passengers besides my Julia, miss Freeman and myself—but as we had all been disturbed many hours before our usual time of rising, none of us seemed disposed to be very conversable—but sat in silent expectation of the first chearful ray which would discover the countenances of each other. At length our wishes were gratified—The sun arose in splendor—and an old sea captain declared it was time to *let down the dead lights*—a motion which was violently opposed by the ladies—and therefore silence reigned for another hour—when a young gentleman, no longer able to restrain his curiosity, let down the window—Julia, at the same instant, opening her

her eyes, with an unmeaning surprize, fixed them on the young spark, who exclaimed, "Curse me, but she is the finest girl I ever saw in my life. The old captain rubbed his eyes, and declared he had never met with a snugger birth, or better company since he had been at sea—and catching Miss Freeman by the hand—"What say you, my pretty maid?" She withdrew her hand, but returned him no answer—He then offered her some refreshment from a bottle of *pogrum*—whilst the youth was paying a thousand fine compliments to Julia. I sat at one corner, enjoying for some minutes the scene before me, and then called to Julia to tell me what time it was—It was high time to put in my claim, when a man was making love to my wife before my face. She returned for answer, "Its near nine, my dear."—The enamoured swain looked quite crest-fallen. The captain enquired of Miss Freeman if she was married likewise—she answered in the negative—and he advised
the

the youth to change his quarters. In this manner we proceeded till we arrived at the inn where we were to breakfast, and where we left the young gentleman and took up an old maid. She did not appear desirous of conversing—the captain having several times addressed her without receiving an answer. At length, he asked her if she wanted a husband—('twas an interesting question) He told her that he was to dispose of, and that she need not fear to give him her hand—for he would learn to be as genteel as many others, and quietly put his horns in his pocket—She coloured as red as scarlet at this address of the facetious captain, and said, she might thank her own folly for being exposed to such vulgar ribaldry—that she seldom travelled otherwise than in a *post-sba*, and never would again.—People are fond of being thought of some consequence. “The wind’s full a-head,” cried the captain—“Well, don’t despair, Mrs. Bridget—I did not speak seriously—another may—Hope’s the sheet anchor of

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“life—What, though we are both ancient,” said he, “we may keep a snug birth some years.” The lady entirely lost her patience. What woman likes to be thought old?—She called him a beastly monster—and bawling to the coachman, desired him to stop, and let her get into the basket—for she would go no further in such company.—The coachman stopt—the lady left us—and the captain laughed heartily—declaring, the ill-natured old b—ch ought to have been heaved overboard. However, he frequently put his head out of the window to enquire how they did *in the next cabin*. Another silence ensued, till the old man addressed me—“I perceive, Sir, you are the pilot of souls”—pray what think you of the pilot of the “nation?”—Luckily, the coach, at that instant, stopt at the inn where we were to dine. I am no politician, and therefore was glad to avoid entering into a conversation on such topicks—Matters are seldom mended for them—The old man was arrived at the end of his journey, and accordingly

dingly took his leave—wishing we might not meet with another storm in the course of our voyage. I parted from him with reluctance. There was an humorous and honest simplicity in his manners that pleased me—Mrs. Bridget would not say so much in his favor. We had no company but our own party at dinner — nothing therefore occurred. We were soon seated in the coach, and, ere darkness had spread her sable mantle o'er the world, we arrived at W***.

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REFLECTIONS.

WHEN we arrived within sight of the village where we had spent the earliest and the greatest part of our lives, we each felt sensations not to be expressed. Sometimes my heart danced with more than rapture—the next moment it was depressed with unusual sadness. Julia was not less affected than myself. She, however, felt a joy at the expectation of soon meeting her good parents—whilst the thoughts of those I had lost filled my bosom with awakened anguish. Every house—every meadow and tree reminded me of my boyish feats—and I lived my youth over again.—Miss Freeman was more affected than either of us. Her countenance discovered the contending passions of her soul.

soul. She would have rejoiced, could she have done so with innocence—But, deprived of the brightest ornament of her sex, she expected to meet reproaches, and to be shut for ever from the friendly embrace. Vice and virtue carry with them their rewards. Methought the following reflections arose to torment her:—

“How changed is every scene! That
 “which once gave such placid delight,
 “now appears dull and alarming. Let
 “me dwell some moments on that happy
 “period, when no black reflections arose
 “to make me regret the past—no painful
 “dreadful thoughts to make me fear
 “the future—When my parents studied
 “my peace, and seemed to gather their
 “felicity from mine—Whilst they could
 “clasp a spotless daughter to their bosom.
 “Innocence and plenty crowned my hours
 “with delight—and every village swain
 “hailed me for their queen.—Within the

“flower

"flowery vale of peace I lived. I then
 "had never bent beneath the heavy weight
 "of dress, which guilt had purchased.—
 "Cruel, designing man!—Why did you
 "ever tell the tale of love?—or why
 "to me?"—A few silent tears eased the
 anguish of her soul.

THE

THE MEETING.

NO sooner were the eyes of my Julia fixt on the habitation of her father, than she seemed to have forgotten all the world—and was wrapt in silent extacy.—The coach stopt—She eagerly flew out—and, in a moment, was in the arms of her parents. When she had disengaged herself from their embraces, their joy was renewed at seeing me. — It was some time before we were enough composed to converse with any degree of propriety.—They welcomed Miss Freeman to the country with that benevolent aspect which at once revives the drooping heart—and I took the earliest opportunity of acquainting them

them with her story. She had ever been a favourite with them till her unhappy fall from virtue — and we dispatched a servant to request the company of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman in the afternoon, without informing them who they were to meet. We now acquainted Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn with our good fortune — and the venerable old man expressed himself in the following manner : — “ Kind Heaven, I thank you for thus
 “ closing my pilgrimage with the bright
 “ prospect of the felicity of those whose
 “ happiness is dear to me as my own.
 “ — But, my children, let not the
 “ wealth you are now possessed of tempt
 “ you to forget those virtues, from which
 “ many, as well as yourselves, have found
 “ happiness. Remember, you are but
 “ stewards of what is entrusted to
 “ your care — and whilst you are grateful
 “ for the favors of Heaven, look upon
 “ fortune as a flatterer — never more to be
 “ feared

"feared than at the time she is the most
 "profuse in her donations. Continue to
 "live after the dictates of your own
 "hearts, regardless of the opinion of the
 "world—since, crowned with plenty, you
 "are entitled to share the indulgences
 "of life—but health, and smiling peace
 "depend on your partaking them with
 "moderation."—Here he ended—and I
 thanked him for his advice, which it was
 my determination to follow; but begged
 he would allow me to settle on him and
 Mrs. Selwyn sufficient to exclude him
 from performing any farther duty in the
 church. With a determined, but pleasing
 voice he refused my request,—telling me,
 he would not forsake his parishioners so long
 as he was able to offer them his best in-
 structions—That when he was unable to
 execute his office, he would consent to be a
 burthen upon me—but till then, he desired
 others might have what I had set apart for
 him.

him.—I told him they should—and begged he would annually receive an hundred pounds to dispose of as he pleased.—The time for Mr. and Mrs. Freeman's arrival drew near—My Julia retired to another apartment with Miss Freeman—but could not hush her fears to peace.

THE RECONCILIATION.

WHEN they arrived, they were
 shewn into the apartment where
 Mr. Selwyn and I sat in silent expectation
 of their coming. — After welcoming us
 into the country, the conversation for
 some minutes turned on indifferent sub-
 jects—when a sigh escaped the mother's
 bosom. I observed it, and asked the
 cause. Mr. Freeman answered, "You
 " can be no stranger, Sir to the loss we
 " once sustained, and which has left a
 " thorn in our bosoms which time can
 " never destroy." — "We ought not to
 " despair, my friend," I replied—"your
 " Hebe may return—if not spotless, yet
 " filled with repentance for her past fol-
 " lies.

"lies. Youth is prone to err—and love
 "is the occasion of sorrow as well as joy.
 "It has been the misleader of many, Mr.
 "Freeman, as well as of the pretty Hebe."
 —"I know it, Sir," cried he, with all the
 parent written on his face—"I know the
 "arts which that titled villain made use
 "of to betray her: and would she but re-
 "turn to me, I should never reproach her
 "for her faults, great as they have been."
 —"Nor I," cried the sobbing mother—
 "but she still loves her betrayer better
 "than she does her poor parents."—At
 that instant Hebe burst into the room, and
 throwing herself at her mother's feet, ex-
 claimed, "Forgive me, oh! forgive me—
 "I will never again forsake you."—What
 words can express the raptures which fol-
 lowed!—'Twas all a luxury of joy. Every
 smiling charm of her youth returned upon
 their memory—every fault was banished

—each embraced, and wept over her by turns. “This is too much,” cried the fair penitent—“a reproach would have given me courage—but this tender goodness I cannot bear.”—She retired with her mother.—I had made an offer of paying Mr. Selwyn for her board, who had previously agreed to take her. He had answered for her—The proposal was accepted with gratitude and gladness by Mr. Freeman. He had seen better days—knew the world—his family was numerous—He knew that labour could not sit easy after a life of pleasure—and it would discourage the rest of his family were this unfortunate girl to receive any extraordinary indulgences—especially, after having obliged him. His boys were rough and unpolished—they might wound her by reproaches—or her sisters torment her with taunts and ill nature—and the living at Mr. Selwyn’s would be a means

means of reconciling the world to her. Mr. Freeman called me the protector of his child—the restorer of his peace. We promised, accompanied by Hebe, to make them a visit the following day.

F 3

THE

THE VISITER.

AS we were sitting at breakfast the next day, the servant entered the room to tell us a gentleman desired to speak with Mr. Selwyn. He was introduced — but no sooner did Miss Freeman hear his voice, than she flew to me, crying, “Save me, oh hide me from him,” — and fainted at my feet. I found it was Sir George Thoughtless who had occasioned this scene of terror and confusion — and whilst Mrs. Selwyn, assisted by my Julia, were endeavouring to restore her to life, Sir George appeared in the utmost distress. “She is gone,” he cried — “the lamp of life is for ever extinguished” — “curst wretch that I am! — ’twas I missed

"missed her artless youth," Hebe recovered—Sir George threw himself at her feet—She hid her face in the bosom of Mrs. Selwyn, and burst into tears.—"Restrain these tears," he cried:—"every drop is a fresh wound to my bleeding heart—if possible pardon me, my Hebe, I cannot live without you—speak—ease this torture of suspense—Once I was beloved." "Vice, Sir George, shall never again mislead me—Why will you pretend a passion for her you must despise? And though this heart can never know a second love, I beg never to see you more."—The scene was great—a tear stole gracefully down the lover's cheek.—"Well may you doubt, my fair one, such a dark deceiver. Banish these agonizing fears, my love, and take your wanderer to your arms for life—Before these gentlemen I vow to make you

F 4

"mine

“mine—your bosom once was soft as gen-
 “tleness — say, is it steeled against me
 “now?”—Joy had the same effect as sur-
 prize—she held him her hand, and was
 again deprived of life. When she reco-
 vered, I shook Sir George by the hand
 —offered him my friendship—and told
 him, his present conduct had made me
 forget the past. I desired we might for
 the future be friends — He politely an-
 swered, that I did him honor—said, he
 should ever esteem the man, who had, by
 taking his treasure from him, first taught
 him the real value of it, and by that means
 brought him to a proper sense of think-
 ing. “I own,” he continued, “I have
 “ever had an aversion to being in com-
 “pany with gentlemen of your profession
 “—you have at once reconciled me to
 “them—for you, I find, Sir, can pardon
 “another’s errors.” — “Or I should but
 “poorly

“poorly copy the example of my divine
 “Master. I have errors of my own—
 “I hope they will be pardoned.” You
 see that *self* is ever predominant.—Hebe
 was recovered.—We left the lovers to
 themselves, Sir George having first pro-
 mised to accompany us in the afternoon
 to Mr. Freeman’s.

THE MORNING'S EXCURSION.

THE morning was fine — I proposed to my Julia to take an airing, and call upon some of our friends — She readily consented. We sent to an inn — hired a chaise — and set off. — As we passed by the seat of the Earl of Frampton — “ ’Tis
 “ pity,” cried my gentle wife, “ that Lord
 “ Frampton has so large a fortune with so
 “ small a share of benevolence. I would
 “ have all men like my Edward.” —
 “ Hush,” I cried, — “ every man, my Ju-
 “ lia, has two characters — From a friend
 “ of Lord Frampton’s I learnt his real
 “ one, and now revere the man which
 “ envy and detraction once made me de-
 “ spise. Lord Frampton is a good hus-
 “ band

“band to the most unaccountable of
 “wives.” “May not every *woman*,” said
 my Julia, slyly, “have two characters?”
 —“Yes, my love, and that is the case
 “with Lady Frampton — The world re-
 “presents her as an amiable woman—
 “whilst it throws a shade on the good
 “qualities of her Lord. — His Lordship’s
 “fortune is not ample in proportion to his
 “elevated station, he therefore remedies
 “that defect by the strictness of his œco-
 “nomy, and the contraction of his desires.
 “He is determined not to be imposed
 “upon by his tenants nor dependants, and
 “therefore inspects his own accounts. He
 “is not seen at Newmarket and Almack’s,
 “but knows the improvements to be made
 “of his own property better than most of
 “the stewards of other noblemen know
 “theirs. Whilst others aim only to be
 “splendid, he takes care to be just, and
 “what he wants not for the decent sup-
 “port

"port of his rank, he privately bestows
 "in relieving the wants of others.—His
 "purse is shut to imposition—but always
 "open to misery.—He can look into his
 "heart with satisfaction—and is therefore
 "unsolicitous about the opinion of the
 "world."

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FIRST VISIT.

THE chaise stopped—and we were instantly ushered into a pleasant apartment, where sat Mr. and Mrs Courteney. Mrs. Courteney had long been the friend of my Julia, and I had ever respected her husband.— more for his real worth than his rank in life.— Our reception was the same as if we had been people of the greatest consequence—in return for which our hearts instantly shared in their felicity, and wished the continuance of it. Their goodness, sense, and affability make every one who sees them their friends. What a pity that all mankind will not learn the same happy art!— Every smiling virtue inhabits their dwelling—There is no room
for

for one vice. Their souls were paired by love from their earliest days—Hymen and friendship have made the tie still stronger. From their happiness a number of rejoicing friends find their own encreased. Could some of our modern pairs be a witness to their felicity, it would make them in love with the state they had disgraced.

Gratitude, guided by truth, presents the picture.—We left them, as we must ever do, with reluctance.

SECOND

SECOND VISIT.

WE ordered the postilion to drive to Mr. Manly's—In half an hour we arrived. Another scene of happiness presented itself—and my own was augmented.—Envy, surely, can only be found in the bosom that is deserted by benevolence.—Mr. and Mrs. Manly were sitting in a small library, filled with well-chosen books; and were surrounded by a large train of their little ones, who were eagerly catching the precepts which fell from the lips of their parents.—They knew how to rear the tender plant—and who will be so careful as a parent in that important charge?—They were capable of the task they had undertaken.—Each had a soul turned

turned for domestick joys—and yet were shining characters in life. Many hours delight have the writings of Mrs. Manly afforded the world—and instruction has flowed from the pen of her husband. Retirement is their choice—From that retirement the world will reap knowledge—Yet they are neither secluded from the society of their friends, nor from an intercourse with the higher ranks of life;—and few enjoy the social hour with greater satisfaction. With the parents, I read in the countenance of their children their different dispositions—In the elder, sensibility, sense, humour, softness—In the younger, all the playfulness of happy infancy.—Sir Thomas Townly entered on the same errand we had done—his good humour and chearfulness ever render him a welcome guest. The little ones rejoiced at the sight of him; as his attention to their artless pleasures had rendered him.

him dear to each. The party was enlivened by his repartees—his conversation was lively—his sentiments were such as did honor to his rank. He had that polite ease which at once makes a person acquainted with a stranger. — We made our visit much longer than custom authorizes — and unwillingly took our leave of the agreeable party.

THIRD

THIRD VISIT.

THE amiable Lady B——, with a form superior to most of her sex, has a mind even more exalted than her rank. In her piercing eye genius and sensibility sit enthroned. Humble merit derives courage from her smiles. Her ear is deaf to flattery, tho' open to distress. She pours happiness into the bosom of her noble husband, and from that source finds it returned into her own.—At a time when fashion has the power to set virtue at defiance—when malice, envy, and detraction are ever flying abroad to throw a shade over the brightest characters — *they dare* to be happy, good, and great.

FOURTH

FOURTH VISIT.

MR. and Mrs. Moreton were a contrast to the happy pairs we had visited—but we cannot always visit the agreeable—it would be contracting our acquaintance to a small circle. We found the husband and wife sitting together—he, in a careless, sleeping posture—she, with anger painted on her countenance. They, however, expressed a joy at seeing us—I was pleased at an opportunity to give them pleasure—but I soon found it was not in my power. Each by turns contradicted the assertions of the other—and gladly exposed a fault. The servants with reluctance obeyed their summons—the children were banished their presence, and confined to the nursery. Discontent

content appeared in every thing they said or did.—Strangers to our good fortune, they pitied, with a kind of haughty superciliousness, the narrowness of our income.—I had never been so poor as they were—but I did not tell them so.

We took our leave.—“Alas!” cried my Julia, “that people can have so many blessings thrown around them, and yet strew their own path with misery!”—“But, that others should be condemned to suffer with them,” cried I, “is still harder.”

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THE BALLAD-SINGERS.

GOING through the village where Mr. Selwyn lived, a woman with three children were singing ballads. The woman was dressed neat and decent—the children were tuning their little throats to excite pity in the hearers — Compassion had written the song — and it came from the lips of distress. I ordered the boy to stop, and the following lines were sung by a pretty child of about six years old :—

“Once better prospects blest my hours;

“My simple path was strewn with flow’rs :

“But sickness, cruelty, and grief,

“Have forc’d my voice to ask relief.”

“ Poor,

"Poor, harmless sufferer!" I cried.
 "What pity, that thy path should, at so
 "early a period, be planted with thorns!"
 A tear adorned the cheek of my Julia—
 She was, like me, a parent. I called the
 little warbler to me, and he offered me a
 ballad — I enquired of him how he came
 to sing about the streets. — "Because my
 "daddy is ill, and our landlord has turned
 "us out of doors — tho' my poor mammy
 "sings in the streets, she cries when at our
 "lodging — we have no home now; but
 "are come a long, long way from our
 "town — there I had a finer coat than this
 " — and my mammy was not so cross as
 "she is now; — but don't tell her so." —
 Misfortune will sour the temper. — What a
 tale of woe! — my heart was wounded by
 the artless historian. I took the song —
 gave the boy a guinea — he went jumping
 with

with it to his mother; but before we could get a hundred yards, the poor woman called to the postilion, desiring him to stop — and, coming to the side of the chariot, told me, she was sure I had made a mistake in giving the child a guinea instead of a shilling or halfpenny. Her honesty charmed as much as her distress had wounded. “Keep the tribute, which was justly due to thee,” I cried, “and receive another for thy honesty — Mayst thou never want a friend to soften thy woes — and may the voice of thyself and thy little ones affect the mind of every hearer as much as they have done mine.” We soon alighted at Mr. Selwyn’s. When dinner was on the table, Sir George led his Hebe into the room — Joy had painted her face with the
rouge

rouge of content — Every one seemed happy — and as Hebe was impatient to impart her felicity to her parents, we set off as soon as dinner was removed.

AN

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

MISS Freeman and I first arrived at her father's house. No sooner were we entered the apartment than her parents, with tears of joy, welcomed her return. Her brothers and sisters hung about her—The transport which her lover's return occasioned, and the flattering prospect which opened before her, gave her spirits to support this interview. She knelt to her parents—embraced her brothers and sisters. Before we were tolerably composed, Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. Frankly, and Sir George entered the room—The scene was in an instant changed, and the honest farmer's cheeks were tinged with a blush of indignation.—“Sir George,” he

VoL. II. G cried,

cried, "this is too much—I live, 'tis true,
 "on your estate—but I cannot patiently
 "submit to such injuries—Turn me out
 "of your farm—I care not. I have other
 "daughters—would you ruin them like-
 "wise, and send a poor old man, that
 "never injured you, to his grave with in-
 "famy and sorrow? whilst his daughter
 "is what her heart shudders but to think
 "her. From infancy she loved you—
 "Unhappy love! for which you ruined
 "her. You enjoy the reputation of ho-
 "nor, generosity and virtue—Long may
 "you live to enjoy them—whilst that
 "poor victim, with an innocent soul, will
 "be ever branded with all the infamy
 "attendant on vice. Leave this house,
 "Sir George—I will quit your farm ra-
 "ther than ever see you more."—Here
 he was interrupted by the baronet, who
 had patiently listened to his discourse.—
 "That I deserve your reproaches, Mr.
 "Freeman,

“Freeman, I acknowledge — but I come
 “to make all the atonement in my power;
 “and thus entreat you to give me this
 “injured innocence.”—They both knelt
 at the old man’s feet — he raised them up
 — burst into tears, and left the room.
 Hebe sunk into Sir George’s arms, almost
 deprived of life. The mother invoked
 Heaven to bless them — whilst the young
 people stared with an awkward surprize on
 all around them. “Dry up your tears,
 “my fair one,” cried Sir George—“with-
 “out my Hebe how could I know the
 “smile of joy?—The world, and its false
 “pride I now despise—Be every doubt
 “and care far from my gentle Hebe’s bo-
 “som, within which every virtue dwells.
 “Let the proud world look down upon
 “us with contempt—It matters not.”——
 Mr. Freeman returned—Joy and pleasure
 ensued.—The next morning was fixed for
 uniting Sir George and his Hebe — and a

few days after we were to set off for London with them — they to enjoy their deserved felicity — and we to prepare for changing our situation. I proposed taking handsome lodgings in a genteel part of the town — bespeaking an equipage, and hiring servants against the time appointed for my emerging from obscurity into what is called high life. I designed to stay only a twelvemonth in London, provided I could, in that time, happen on an estate in the country, with an house upon it, which I should like well enough to purchase. — In that twelvemonth I intended to partake, with my Julia, in the pleasures of the great world — so far only as they tended to amuse — and to see what alteration the fortune I possessed would make in the face of persons and things. I was not afraid that either my Julia or I should become too fond of pleasure — We were already

already sensible of the real blessings we enjoyed, and determined not to part with them for trifles.—We likewise hoped to be a means of making others as happy as ourselves. The world would have ridiculed our folly had they known it—but the intention was good.—The procuring peace to one mortal would have been thought a great reward for our pains. We were more fortunate — and whilst we were entertained with the new scenes, and variety of uncommon characters we met with—though we sometimes suffered by the designs and impositions of men, we kept our hearts uncorrupted, and consequently strangers to the misery which attends the bad. We were not difficult in choosing our companies — but joined each polite circle. “We shall find,” said I, “a mixture, my Julia, in every publick place—We will let our hearts dwell “on the good qualities of the amiable—

“and 'tis possible for us to learn virtue
“of the bad—for, by seeing the black-
“ness of their actions, and the agony of
“their souls, it will make us despise, and
“carefully shun those vices by which they
“have fallen.”

THE

THE WEDDING.

SOON as the morning had begun to spread her ruffet mantle, the servants were preparing for the joyful occasion. Julia rose early to attend her friend — Every face was drest in smiles. About eight we met in the parlour — proceeded immediately to church, where I tied the indissoluble knot, which made happy not only an amiable pair, but a worthy family. Sir George had been too much led away by the depravity of the times to scruple ruining the young and unwary. Hebe loved Sir George, and could not doubt the goodness of his heart — Both had erred — both repented —

and were become worthy the happiness which seemed to await them. — I do not pretend to excuse their conduct—but I must be allowed to forgive them—'Tis the duty we owe to each other. Are we to be more inexorable than He who made us?—Guilty attachments have seldom so fortunate a conclusion—nor can it be supposed, any person, whose conduct will not bear the test of their own hearts, can be so happy as those who never were imprudent.—Heaven shield me, and those I love (which in fact are all mankind) from knowing how severely vice punishes its votaries.

We were met at the church door by four young maidens, who walked strewing flowers over the bride and bridegroom's head, till we arrived at Mr. Selwyn's. Lady Thoughtless made each a genteel present — Her parents were waiting to receive

ceive her. 'Twas all a scene of joy.—
 The happiness which Sir George had begun to find spread itself o'er his soul, had introduced Benevolence, with all her smiling influence. He gave a writing to Mr. Freeman, whereby he had bound himself to permit him and his wife to live in the farm during their lives, rent-free. He likewise gave five hundred pounds a-piece to each of Hebe's sisters—and promised to stock a farm for her eldest brother as soon as he was capable of managing one.

I shook Sir George by the hand—I no longer doubted the reality of his reformation.—“Permit me now,” I cried, “to beg the continuance of your friendship whilst on earth—my soul will claim acquaintance with thine when we meet in heaven.”

The

The effects of love are beautifully and wonderfully diversified — It makes the ferocious gay, volatile, and airy—the gay sober and sentimental—reforms the libertine, and opens his heart to benevolence and honor.

THE

THE RETURN.

WE set off for London with Sir George and Lady Thoughtless in their coach — The journey was pleasant and chearful — They set us down at our habitation, desiring to see us soon at theirs. Our children, led by honest old Trueman, met us — We had a present for each, which, joined to the pleasure of seeing us, made every face appear as delighted as their hearts. — In a few weeks after our arrival, Honestus returned — Many of his relations and friends were dead — he therefore did not chuse to stay longer in a place which had lost the chief part of its delights. I immediately employed him in managing our affairs. He soon hired us lodgings

lodgings and servants, and every thing was prepared against the time of our removal. I waited upon my rector — he expressed a regret at parting with me — (though my visits had been desired to be but seldom repeated) — and finding I no longer wanted his assistance, offered to lend me a small sum to pay any debts I had contracted, and to raise my salary ten pounds a year. Such an offer would, a few months before, have awakened all my gratitude—The scene was changed — He had once, in my distress, refused to advance a few pounds before they were due.—I begged he would transfer his intended friendship to his next curate, who might possibly want it as much as I once had done. A young gentleman was appointed to supply my place—his discourses were sensible—his manners pleasing and familiar—I yielded up my charge to him without reluctance.

At

At the end of six months we removed to our new apartments——And if these Rambles should be so fortunate as to please the generality of my readers, the rambles, and various incidents which my Julia and I encountered during the first year of our figuring in high life, are very much at their service — having collected and prepared them for the press before I retired from the great world.

F I N I S.

